

The Pocket Universe - Episode Two

By Peter David Smith

Somewhere, in a strange dreamworld, a magical tailor busied himself with the job of manufacturing coats and trousers and hats and underwear, shirts and ties and socks and jackets, all cut from the fabric of reality itself.

In an adjoining room three times three times three point three three three, recurring to infinity, weavers were weaving that cloth, weaving that very fabric of reality from which the tailor would make the clothing of everybody's mind stuff, life stuff, reality stuff.

They all worked in a gloomy and drab little workshop somewhere east of Dulwich.

At the same time it was also located in a television studio made of ice-cream and built 2,000 miles tall on the surface of Pluto.

It was also located in an annex building of the Toy Town rainbow factory.

The tailorshop's exact location was very, very, very variable and needed to be.

The tailor looked up for a moment and said out loud "That Lizard Wizard is going to go through the Central Interchange. That's very reckless!"

He shrugged and got back to his task of making more trouser pockets.

In a pocket universe called "Oops" two disreputable show business vagrants were being given a lift out of trouble by a humanoid lizard in a zoot suit. The car was being pursued by the fanatical followers of Molidridinaur, a would-be world dictator.

The strange car with its even stranger driver hurtled down the road at very nearly the speed of an aircraft. Wiz and Jim began to adjust to the inertia which was pushing them back into the plushy seats.

"Lizard Wizard is the name!" cried the zoot suited stranger as he gunned the gas. It was real gas, not gasoline. The car ran on hydrogen.

"I am the Lizard Wizard boys. I come from a distant star!" His voice sounded like William S. Burroughs. "I truly have a mission here in this pocket universe subsection paragraph whajamaycallit thingy area of your home Planet Mud!"

Jim coughed politely. "Ahem! It's called Earth. Thank you for the rescue. The planet is called Earth, not "Mud".

"Really? Strange. It looks pretty wet when viewed from space. Still, whatever you say boys. Enjoy the ride!"

"Thank you for the rescue," said Wiz "Nice ve-hickle matey!"

"Thank you my friend! I got it from the elves".

Wiz and Jim blinked at each other in astonishment. “Elves?” they were thinking.

Wiz began to get a strange tickling sensation on the back of his neck.

Baggins turned his head and said “What’s long and grey with teeth and whiskers?”

“A whale?” offered Wiz.

“No,” said Baggins, “Not as long as that”.

“I don’t know,” replied Wiz, “What *IS* long and grey with teeth and whiskers?”

“I don’t know either,” said Baggins, “But there’s three of them on the back of your neck!”

“Aiiieeee!” Screamed Wiz, diving from the back of car into the front while divesting himself of his waiter’s black tail coat. Landing in the front passenger seat he turned to look at his coat which was laying on the back seat with three spiky furry grey animals sitting on it, grinning at him.

“Don’t worry about them,” said Lizard Wizard reassuringly, “Their just the Trans-Transylvanian wire-haired Mice. I keep them around. They’re friends of mine and they have matter transportation abilities”.

“Really?” asked Wiz, who was beginning to calm down, “Matter Transportation?”

“Yeah. They can go anywhere they like by simply disappearing and reappearing. They come from the Carpathian Mountains and used to be in a magic act with some Trans-Transylvanian Disappearing Pigeons and some Carpathian Trouserleg Ferrets. It’s a long story.

“Squeek!” said one of the wire-haired mice. “Squeek Squeek!” said another. “Arooney!” said the third.

Lizard Wizard nodded as he steered the vehicle onward. “Oh yeah! Their names are Qwertyuiop, Asdfghjkl and Zxcvbnm”. He pronounced Qwertyuiop like “Qwerty-Yoop”. He pronounced Asdfghjkl like “Adds-fed-jeckle”. He pronounced Zxcvbnm like “Zux-Fa-Buhm”.

The three mice nodded in agreement.

Wiz and Jim were nonplussed and discumknockerated. In Bokster language that means they were surprised in the same way that a clown is surprised when he takes a custard pie or A. N. Other dessert in the face. A trifle stunned.

The Underlings of Molidridinaur were left far behind and, for the rest of the journey Wiz and Jim sat staring at their unusual surroundings. There was a Garnawoggle on the dashboard. A Garnawoggle!!! One of the most sought after magical objects in all of the pocket universes!

Wiz stared at the Garnawoggle. The Garnawoggle stared at Wiz. Jim stared at the back of Lizard Wizard’s head and wondered what all of this could mean.

The Trans-Transylvanian wire haired mice chatted amongst themselves.

“So you’ve got a Garnawoggle then?” Queried Wiz.

The lizard man grinned and nodded, his reptilian tongue flicking about. “You get some pretty amazing things when you’re an agent of the elves like me,” He chuckled.

Prof Baggins wanted to know “What is it you do to serve the elves? Umm if you don’t mind me asking, that is?”

"I don't mind at all. You need to know this stuff now that Molidridinaur's Underlings are on your trail. He's obviously decided to make you part of his plan".

"Oh dear" said Wiz and Jim, in unison.

"Yeah, well, the elves are running a resistance movement against Molidridinaur and they have psychic powers so they asked me to keep an eye on you two just in case".

"What plan?" asked Wiz, who was a firm believer in avoiding people who had too many plans.

Lizard Wizard swerved to avoid a flock of improbable suppositions, a common hazard in the pocket universe of "Oops", and replied "Molidridinaur's plan is to raise the giant Kundalini Serpent which lives under the Tor. Then he's gonna use it make himself ruler of Oops".

No sooner had the Lizard Wizard uttered these words than there was a rat-a-tat-tatting on the rear of the vehicle and a sound multiple shoutings.

"Gosh all hemlock and call me Tuesday!!!" exclaimed the alien lizard in his quaint alien dialect, "Those dang blasterated Underlings of Molidridinaur have caught up!!! How is that even possible at these speeds????"

Sure enough, as Wiz and Jim turned their astonished and already confused heads to look out the rear window, they saw the Underlings of Molidridinaur right behind the super-speeding car, knocking on the outside of it with their little underling fists.

"Time for a serious detour!!" cried the Lizard.

He spun the Garnawoggle and the car entered a whole other sort of space. They were flying now, flying along the super jest stream of the pocket universe in the direction of that universe's version of a North Pole. All pocket universes have their own version of a North Pole and a South Pole.

They were now moving so fast that they were blurring. Not merely looking like they were blurring. No, they were actually blurring, even to their own eyes!!!

"We're getting even blurrier than our theatrical accounting system!!!" exclaimed Jim the unstoppable Baggins.

"We've got an accounting system???" said Wiz the also unstoppable Wayland, "So how much have we made so far?"

"The numbers are all blurry, but apparently we're still alive in some form," Baggins informed his blurry faced chum, "Although possibly as fictional characters".

"I'm not surprised at all," said Wiz, "That's the most plausible thing I've heard for a long time".

Reaching the North Pole the exterior of the car was multi-illuminated by the Aurora Borealis and Lizard Wizard took them into a vertical power dive towards a dark opening in the ground. At breathtaking speed they entered an underground cavern which seemed to go on and on and on into the distant red glow.

"Where are we going now?" screamed Baggins.

"Through the centre of the Earth!" shouted Lizard Wizard, "A.K.A. the physical location of everybody's Dreamland, Nightmares and Fantasy existence!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

"That's an awful lot of exclamation marks," commented Wiz.

The Trans-Transylvanian Wire Haired Mice nodded their agreement.

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